

# Bobby Bare, Farmer Feeds Us All

We worked through spring and winter through the summer and through the fall  
But the mortgage worked hardest and the steadiest of us all  
It worked on nights and Sundays worked each holiday  
It's settled now among us and it never went away  
The farmer comes to town with his wagon broken down  
The farmer is the man who feeds us all  
If you'd only look and see I know you will agree  
That the farmer is the man who feeds us all  
Yeah the farmer is the man the farmer is a man buys on his credit till the fall  
Then they take him by the hand and they lead him from his land  
And the merchant he's the man who gits it all

The banker says he's broke the grocer's up in smoke  
They forget that it's farmer feeds us all  
If we'd put them to the test if the farmer took a rest  
Then they'd know that it's the farmer feeds us all  
Yeah the farmer is the man the farmer is the man lives on his credit until Fall  
Well his pants're wearin' thin his condition it's a sin  
Because the taxes on the farmer feeds us all  
I said the farmer is the man the farmer is the man the farmer is the man who feeds us all